The Cincinnati Star

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SOCIABILITY is a good thing, but one can easily be too Social in Berlin.

HAPPILY Lorne and Louise will soon take a rest and give the country one.

FOR a fair, square, stand-up-and-pop-away riot, Breathitt County, Ky., against the world.

KING HUMBERT might pardon his would-be assassin, were it not that, as a poker player, he is too good to Pass-an-ante.

IT is not becoming in the good old Quaker City of Philadelphia to be thus fitting out war steamers for the Russian Government. Honest William Penn wouldn't have done it.

THE general suspension of colliery operations in the middle coal fields of Pennsylvania, throws more than twenty thousand miners out of employment. The wages of these men for many months have been barely sufficient to provide their families with food, and the shut-down to them is a signal of want and destitution through the coming winter.

GEN. ROBT. C. BUCHANAN, who died in Washington, D. C., last week, was one of the veterans of the army, and entered West Point fifty-two years ago. He served honorably as a soldier for more than half a century, taking part in the Black Hawk war, the Florida war, the Mexican war, and the late civil war. He was a native of Baltimore and died in his seventy-seventh year.

STRICT watch is being kept, night and day, over the grave of T. H. Powers, the deceased Philadelphia millionaire. This vigilance is to be continued for two years, four men being employed for that purpose. If men of wealth could be induced to provide in their wills for watchers over their graves it would have several beneficial effects. They would provide employment for a standing army of graveyard guards; by protecting their own graves they would to a great extent protect those of people too poor to supply guards themselves, and they would pretty effectually break up the grave robbing business. And thus by furnishing employment and paying wages for watching his tomb a man might do his fellows a considerable good even after he died.

OUR BUSINESS RELATIONS WITH MEXICO.

Mr. Foster, the United States Minister Resident at Mexico, has recently given a long and detailed opinion as to the probabilities of increasing our trade with that country. This comes in the shape of a letter to Mr. Mason, the President of the Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest, and was called out by the action of that body while in session at Chicago some two months since. Mr. Foster points out many obstacles and dangers in the way of any increase of trade with our neighboring Republic. The Mexican tariff is practically prohibitory, and will as it now stands always prove a great drawback to international exchange of products. The United States manufacturer is met by an import duty which on many articles is above the cost price, and when this is paid the charges have only commenced. Each of the separate States and municipalities have the right to impose additional duties on all foreign goods. This duty varies in each of the States, and is under the control of the local governments. In some it is only two per cent. of the imported valuation; in others twelve and one-half, and in one or two as high as twenty-five per cent. Besides this the goods are subject to re-examination and handling at every new place of entry. It appears that there is an express provision in the Mexican Constitution against this internal exaction, and that the Supreme Court has pronounced against it, but the necessities of the several States are so great that they have combined to set at defiance the authority of the General Government. In view of this letter the Chicago Tribune says: "Minister Foster's letter, by a plain, clear and merciless matter-of-fact statement, crushes the whole scheme of any increase of trade between the United States and Mexico to powder and scatters the powder to the wind."

Notwithstanding Minister Foster's discouraging statements, there are some considerations of a more favorable character that suggest themselves. Germany, France and England carry on a large trade with Mexico. They virtually monopolize it. The annual imports into the latter country, of dutiable and free goods, amount to about $75,000,000. Of this the United States supplies less than five million, or one fifteenth, and the query arises at once: If European nations, notwithstanding the high duties, can carry on a profitable trade, why the United States with all her geographical advantages can not successfully compete with them? It is not alleged that there is on the part of Mexico any unfavorable discrimination against this country. It would seem at first sight that the United States ought to monopolize the trade of Mexico. Were the political relations of the two countries friendly, as they ought to be between two contiguous republics, and mutual concessions made, such would be the result. Unfortunately such is not the case, and any increase of commercial transactions must for the present be looked for through the energy and influence of private associations and individual enterprise. The Chicago Inter-Ocean, which is inclined to "bile over" at a low temperature, charges Minister Foster with having been "unwittingly made a tool of by the foreign interests in Mexico, the intention being to discourage and frustrate the movement in the United States which looks to an extension of our Mexican trade." The Inter-Ocean relies more upon the favorable statements of Senor Zamacona, Mexican Minister to this country, than upon Senor Foster, who may have been bribed or fooled into a betrayal of his country's interests.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Rural Kansas is festive with husking bees these long nights.

Beetles are killing the spruce trees in the Adirondacks.

The cornfields are full of husk mattresses—in the shell.

The cyclamen is especially suited for window culture.

Frost fishing is now a popular pastime at New Bedford.

Indiana is shipping large numbers of horses to the South.

There is a scarcity of Grenoble walnuts in the Boston market.

Buckwheat passes for currency in Wayne County, Mich.

Hyacinth flowers last longer if kept at a low temperature, say 65°.

A poetic exchange says: "Sad-eyed autumn keeps unusually mucky."

The season for spinning yarns by the stove in country stores has set in.

The oldest house in Red Wing, Minn., built in 1853, has been torn down.

Two tons of deer were expressed through Bay City, Michigan, the other day.

Ten thousand bushels of Southern Dakota wheat pour into Sioux City daily.

An Alabama hog spent five weeks in a well, with nothing but truth to feed on.

Wolves are so fierce in Dunn County, Wisconsin, that the farmers are selling their sheep.

A South Carolina boy raised ninety-one bushels of pinders (peanuts) on an acre of land, and sold them for $1 25 per bushel.

North Carolina has in two years increased the number of her live stock eight hundred thousand head, and their value $4,500,000.

A Vermonter has invented "a bottle that will always turn right side up, thus failing to spill the contents, no matter how drunk the owner is."

Tangier Island, Va., with a population of over five hundred, strange to say, has neither a hotel, restaurant, oyster house, tailor, milliner, dressmaker, shoemaker, drug store, barber shop, post-office, market, constable or justice of the peace.

The Lynchburg (Va.) News thinks the belled-buzzard, that frightened the people of Brownsville, Tenn., by its ominous tintinnabulations during the yellow fever scourge, is the one belled by an old hunter in Bulford, Va., in 1859, and so frequently noted in various parts of the State every few weeks since.

Family marketing in Savannah: Chickens, grown, $1 to $1 25; three-quarters grown, 75 cents; half-grown, 60 to 65 cents per pair. Ducks—English, $1 to $1 25; muscovies, $1 25 to $1 50 per pair. Turkeys—hens, per pair, $1 50 to $2; gobblers, $2 50 to $5; hen and gobbler, $3 50. Geese, $1 75 per pair; beef, 12½ to 15 cents; veal, 20 cents; mutton, 15 cents; venison, 20 cts.; pork, 12½ cents.

Do not use ax or hatchet in pruning fruit trees, unless you are going to chop down the tree. A sharp pruning knife and a good saw are the tools for orchard pruning. Having these, use them with discretion. Leave the heads of the trees as well furnished as possible, having due regard to equal light to be distributed among the branches and leaves. There are more orchards ruined by over-pruning than by no pruning at all.

From many parts of Oregon and also from Washington Territory, we have information that the good weather of this fall has been improved by farmers to the utmost. Every locality we have yet heard from reports a larger acreage of fall wheat sown than heretofore; and the probability is that the aggregate is two or three times that of any former year. Renewal of warm rains is now again most favorable. The fields recently sown are rapidly becoming green, and the plant promises to become well rooted before any freezing can occur—should it occur at all.

What is a Year?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
Of life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream;
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of time's old iron heart,
As tireless now and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of time's old brazen wheel,
Or put a page upon the book
Which death must shortly seal;
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From time's old nostrils blown;
As rushing onward o'er the earth
We hear his weary moan;
'Tis like a bubble on the wave
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the midst of morn
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft-changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on
With hills and valleys green;
Next summer's prime succeeds the spring
With flowers every where;
Then comes old winter—death and
Must find their level there.

The Wine Colored Silk.

When Myra Snowden passed through the avenues and streets of her native city, she was called moderately attractive; hers was a face filled with freshness and animation, while she always dressed plainly and neatly. Myra was the eldest of five daughters, for whom a careworn father worked assiduously as book-keeper in a large commercial house down town, while a pale-faced mother at home planned how best to economize, that her precious daughters should dress and become accomplished upon so small a salary. Getting their own bread and butter was never dreamed of in that household; they must be reared as their mother had been, daintily. She had belonged to one of the first families in the city, but had long since become reduced.

The mother's wardrobe had been turned, gored and reversed, until naught was left of the olden glory except a rich wine-colored silk, which had been her wedding dress. This was held in reserve for Myra's first appearance in society—the mother little dreaming that this rich silk would decide her daughter's fate, and become to them all an "open sesame" into a glorious round of happiness—except the wearer.

Myra and the four pretty sisters consulted a lean purse, sometimes. She had left school at nineteen, and was immediately to enter society. A new dress was absolutely necessary, and forthwith the lean purse was brought forth; but no manner of miracle could make this meagre sum procure a fashionable suit; therefore, the treasured wine-colored silk was brought from its dark closet. As the mother shook out the lustrous folds all the girls gave vent to an involuntary exclamation:—

"Oh, isn't it a beauty!"

Myra shook her pretty curls and clapped her white hands as, in imagination, she beheld her devoted lovers' admiration. Will Raymond had thought her pretty in dull grays and browns; what would he say now, when he beheld her in this beautiful silk?

The younger sisters sighed to think they were not the eldest; while o'er the face of the weary mother there stole a sad, wistful look, as she saw herself a bride again, with the strong man at her side, looking with love upon her. Well, after all, had they not been supremely happy? The care of a large family had knit them the nearer together. Her youth and loviness were gone. "But," she thought, "we have this sweet home band."

Then the scissors commenced their ravages and soon the dress was finished. And very elegant it was; moderately handsome Myra had suddenly become a beauty; the rich-hued silk had brought out all her latent points, contrasting elegantly with the jetty curls and flashing black eyes. When dressed, she tripped down the steps, a pair of loving eyes watched her, and a motherly heart throbbed with satisfaction that this precious flower wore so gracefully her adornments. Myra tripped on, sublimely unconscious that she was attracting so much attention. Even elderly gentlemen peered in the sweet, eager, flushed face, as the girl hurried to reach the store where her father was employed. She often called upon him to offer a bit of assistance; it seemed to send a gleam of sunlight into the dim eyes when she was about him.

Now, all anticipation, she passed through the long rows of counters, looking for Will Raymond, who was employed in her father's department. She had been very careful of her shimmering train, keeping it from any contact with dust; now she gave it a backward thrust, then turned to see the effect of the sweeping, glistening fabric. Will's blue eyes spied her; he smiled, and she blushed rosy red.

Who should be watching this little episode but the great head of the firm! He was large, pompous and portly, with a hard, stern face lighted by keen, gray eyes. A luminous diamond gleamed upon the snowy white linen of his shirt, and golden seals dangled at the massive chain. He stepped forward to speak to her. He had met Mr. Snowden's daughter many times, qut always passed her as a child. Now this little display of vanity caught his eye, and it attracted him.

"Good afternoon, Miss Snowden," he said, blandly, and a smile hovered o'er the thin, set lips. "You have come upon us like a rose cloud, this dull afternoon."

She answered him, not at all abashed. For, even, if all that array of clerks and accountants stood in awe of this stern proprietor, what did pretty, happy Myra care, going to see her father and to whisper a word to her dear Will?

The "great Mogul" spoke again, saying:—

"Out for a promenade this afternoon?"

"I came to see papa," she replied, with some impatience in her tone, and with a glance toward Will, who looked sullen at the apparently long conversation.

"Allow me to escort you to your father's desk," he said, gallantly.

Never in all the history of the firm had this great man tarried so long to talk with Mr. Snowden. She sat patiently for a few moments, while the father's proud glances indicated his satisfaction. This beautiful daughter and this wealthy man conversing together; he almost thought it a dream, and could not but interpret the keen, sharp glances cast upon his Myra.

In that young lady's mind was a tumult of ideas; she was restless, and a little disturbed by this unusual gallantry. She at last found voice to say:—

"I'm going now." Then the flashing eyes and wine colored train passed on to Will's counter.

He affected not to see her at first, and the sweet face grew cloudy as she hesitated whether or not to speak. On second thought he concluded not to miss this chance.

"Good afternoon Miss Snowden." He spoke indifferently.

She read his thoughts clearly, and exclaimed:—

"Oh, Will! indeed I could not help it. I intended to come to you, but the old—" here she lowered her voice—"that old bore prevented me."

Will smiled; who could resist her? She had just time to add, "I'll go to-night," when customers came. She did not venture on a return to her father, but passed into the street.

That evening Myra rushed into the dining-room just as the family were sitting down to dinner. It did not seem so scanty and meagre as usual, and there was an unusual light in the mother's dim eyes, while the stooping, tired father was actually transformed. She had dashed upon this scene, filled with excitement after her afternoon of triumph and in anticipation of the evening's pleasure before her. She took a turn down the room, surveying herself in the mirror with some vanity.

"Will is coming for me soon," she said gayly.

Her parents exchanged significant glances. The father interrupted her by telling her the good news.

"Myra, my salary is raised."

She threw her arms about his neck, saying, as she laughed with joy:—

"Did that old sphinx say so this afternoon?" not minding how she was crushing the pretty ruffles, only glad that papa was happy.

"Yes, and I do believe it was all through you, Myra," he said, fondly. "My employer says he has been going to run in and see us for sometime; he knew your father well," said Mr. Snowden, addressing his wife. "He may run up to-morrow evening for a little talk."

The proud mother's eyes sparkled with anticipation. She cast a side glance toward Myra, who was oblivious to all things except the savory steak and fried potatoes, which diminished from her plate in a wonderful manner.

"Make no engagements for to-morrow evening, Myra," her mother said, somewhat decidedly.

Miss Snowden number two piped in with a remark.

"I do believe papa's employer is in love with our Myra, for he said he had no idea you were nineteen."

Upon which she received a reproving glance from the head of the table, and was stilled. Myra cried out:—

"Bah! that old Blue beard? He's killed two wives already!"

"Cease speak so disrespectfully," her father said, reproachfully.

She was silent, but was busy thinking of handsome Will Raymond, whom she had sworn to wait for until he grew rich.

The important evening came, bringing this wealthy man to the home of the Snowdens. Myra entertained him like some orderly child; went through her musical list with mechanical exactness, but contrasting mentally that fine, handsome lover of hers with this man.

This evening's call was followed by many more, and at last the rich man spoke to Mr. Snowden of the inestimable jewel he would possess. He mistook her indifference toward him for modesty and coyness, which served to heighten his ardor.

Mrs. Snowden broached the subject to her daughter for the first time. Myra weepingly protested that she could not give up Will, acknowledging her promise to become his wife some day. Mrs. Snowden said no more. For days she looked unutterably sad, while the pleading father grew more and more stooped, and his hacking cough ominous. They were only giving her time to think, while the sad eyes and pale face bore witness that she was thinking deeply. She at last questioned her father on this all important subject. He laid a kindly hand upon her head and said:—

"You must act as you choose. Mr. Raymond is a noble young man; although he is poor, and supports a widowed mother, still I would never hesitate to place your hand in his."

Myra's eyes flashed with joy as she threw herself in his arms, sobbing out:—

"Oh, papa! he is studying so hard to make a great man some day," smiling through her tears.

The father coul not answer because of his sharp, cutting cough, and fain would have hidden the handkerchief stained with blood. She looked straight into his eyes.

"Tell me truthfully, dear father, would it make you any the happier were I to decide to marry your employer?" said she, clenching her hands firmly.

"Conscientiously, yes; my whole happiness depends upon this union," he replied.

Myra, on the impulse of the moment, with martyr-like resignation said:—

"I will live only for your happiness, papa."

He kissed her tenderly, well knowing that fond words would accomplish more than authority.

That evening when her lover called she told him all. Great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead while he pushed her from him.

"Gold has bought you! Thank God I have found out the dross so early in life!" he said, madly.

Myra's martyr-like resolutions were vanishing. She realized now what she was sacrificing.

"Oh Will! I cannot please my parents! I will go with you in spite of all," she said desperately.

He stood leaning against the mantle, and did not even touch the hand she laid upon his shoulder, but looked at her long and dreamily, with an expression filled with silent pain.

"No," he answered, "I will not blight this prospect that will raise not only you but your family to so high an eminence. I will not marry you—you are free! I would have spoken to your father very soon—but now," with a tremulous voice, "you are free to sit upon a golden throne—only—"

He hesitated ere he finished. She had thrown herself in careless abandonment upon the sofa, sobbing passionately. He raised her in his arms, saying:—

"Darling, life is not long at most, and surely hearts that are so united here cannot remain severed in the great hereafter, I am at a loss to know how to act; your father's family are dependent and his health failing, so perhaps 'tis best that you obey." He pressed a kiss on the wet face. "After this we meet as friends, but not lovers."

After that night Myra began to droop. Her rich lover found her more interesting with those dark rings beneath her eyes, and the pale, listless face; ah! he knew not the aching heart and torn soul, but courted more assiduously this lovely flower.

In the searching looks of the millionaire she read no tenderness; the thin lips held no sweetness in the kisses he bestowed, only a sort of ownership. Myra was a simple innocent girl, with no taint of worldiness upon her pure brow—and well might this man glory in the possession of precious pearl.

* * * * *

They were united. Myra found that she loved the surroundings of wealth, after all—what woman does not? She sat in state in her grand home, while upon the white hand, and still whiter throat, gleamed luminous diamonds. She dressed in the most bewitching of toilets. Still, within the beautiful eyes, was a sad, lonely, beseeching look, as though in all her possessions she held no love. She crossed the ocean, entered the presence of royalty, and attracted universal attention in polite circles.

Her father's health failed rapidly. The wealth of her husband enabled her to lavish luxuries upon the helpless family. Who could say Myra did wrong? Ah? but none could read the awful bitterness in her heart. No one thought of pitying this lovely queen in society. She would gladly leave all her splendor, for the touch of this abhored man made her very flesh creep. And when she met a pale, intellectual man, whose close studies had brought him from behind the counter to one of the high places in life, her heart fainted within her. He was still unmarried, and Myra would, in spite of all conventionalities, have gladly overstepped that high barrier between them and tell Will she had never forgotten him.

One night, at a grand *soiree*, she saw him. He avoided her, and at last stepped into the quiet conservatory. His coldness nearly broke her heart. She followed him, laid her hand as of old upon his shoulder, and said:—

"O Will! can you never forgive me?"

With eyes beaming with love he turned toward her. For one moment he nearly forgot his honor, almost yielding to the terrible temptation of clasping this beautiful woman to his heart and telling her how intensely he loved her. But he stepped back with paler face and bent brow. Said he, with forced calmness:—

"Your husband has given you all; be loyal in every word and thought to him."

Then he left her, wiser and better for his reproving words.

The day following, this brilliant man, whose writings were the theme of the day, left for foreign countries, trusting that absence might heal the great wound within his heart, and remove from her a temptation.

* * * * *

The grand *cortege* was over. The millionnaire had gone to join that innumerable throng, with not one tithe within his hands.

Two years passed slowly away. Myra had gone to a quiet, country retreat to live. One day she was disconsolately walking up and down the arched walk of her beautiful garden; the sun shining through the evergreens lay in golden rays upon the green turf; the morning air was astir with wings, some only muttering and others flying far away into mid heavens. She followed the last lark in its flight with sad eyes, and said, aloud:—

"Would that I might take the wings of the morning to find him!"

Her heart sank within her when she thought that perhaps some harm had befallen him. Then she grew white with the thought, "He may have won some fair one over the waters."

With a sigh she turned to enter the house, which her gay sisters were making ring with merriment, resolved that she would forget him. A quick, heavy step sounded on the gravel walk within the arched gate, and her first love entered—her hero, who had taught her to be true and noble. He had only to seen the eyes filled with blinding tears to know he was welcome. The grand, noble-hearted man won his idol by patient waiting.

"Surely Good is good," he said, as he kissed away her tears.

ACTOR AND NOBLE.

On leaving school Charles Mathews was articled to Pugin, the celebrated architect. He also studied and did regular work under Nash, an architect famous in quite another style. As a young man he frequently joined in private theatricals, and was just twenty when he appeared in a benefit performance given at the so called English Opera House—the Lyceum of the present day. Here he took the part of Dorimal, in "Les Comediens d'Etampes"—a piece which, some years after, he adapted for the English stage, under the title of "He would Be an Actor."

His performance in the French work is said to have been so good that he at once received an offer of an engagement from the management of the French Theatre, at that time permanently established in London. In 1823, the young architect who, it seemed, "would not be an actor," went with the Earl and Countess of Blessington and their faithful atendant, Count d'Orsay, to Italy, where he was to make designs for a mansion which Lord Blessington proposed to build on his estate of Mountjoy Forest, in the county of Tyrone. The mansion appears never to have been built. But the appointed architect took some steps toward qualifying himself for the work he was never to achieve. He visited many Italian cities, made an excursion to the island of Capri and spent his time pleasantly, less in perfecting himself as an architect than in cultivating generally his artistic tastes. During this Italian tour he is said to have had a difference with Count d'Orsay, which was nearly ending, according to the custom of those times, in a duel. It had occurred to the Count that young Mathews, when he started on an artistic excursion, carried with him a great number of sketch books, but executed very few sketches, and instead of addressing this not very injurious remark to the art student himself he made it to his patron. Thereupon Mathews took offence. The Count, when remonstrated with, replied in rude terms. A challenge followed, and a hostile meeting would have taken place but for the interference of of Lord Blessington, at whose instance Count d'Orsay made an ample apology.

One of Charles Mathews' biographers had laid stress on the fact that Count d'Orsay waived the difference of rank which it seems to been thought might have entitled him to treat the young architect's provocation wite disdain. Such an idea, however, would scarcely have occurred to a Frenchman. Under the ancient *regime*, a poet, as we know from an incident in the life of Voltaire, might be insulted with impunity by a grand seigneur. But in France, since the days of the Revolution, it has always been considered bad taste, and even a sign of cowardice, on the part of the superior to refuse satisfaction to an inferior for any serious affront. In one of Paul de Kock's frequently coarse but generally truthful novels, a water carrier challenges, and finds his challenge accepted by a gentleman of the fashionable world, at whose hands he has sustained a deadly injury; and it could never have occurred to a man of wit, of good breeding and common sense, like Count d'Orsay, to assume that his birth placed him, for ordinary social antisocial purposes, on a higher level than that on which Mr. Charles Mathews stood.—*London World.*

NEW CHANNEL OF THE DANUBE.

The new channel by which the waters of the Danube are brought within a short distance of Vienna is nearly nine and one half miles in length. It consists of two parts, viz.: The minor channel, which, in ordinary times, will receive all the waters of the river, is 245 metres wide and 3 to 4.50 metres deep; the other, which is intended to provide against floods, is 511 metres wide and 2 metres deep, with a dam 6.32 metres high. Sixteen millions of cubic metres had to be executed for raising the level of the soil and forming the dam and half of this was by dredging; the stone-work of the new banks represents a cube of 350,000 metres, and the pitching nearly as much.

The first equestrian statue cast in the New World was that of Charles IV., of Spain, cast in the City of Mexico in 1803.